Middlebury Register

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RATLEGAD TIME-TABLE. TRAINS LEAVE MIDDLEBURY. xed. 10. 22A. M. | Night Exp., 5:13 A. M. | 12 20 P. M. | Mixed. 9:30 A. M. | ssenger. 4:37 P. M. | Mail. 3:22 P. M. | press. 8:24 P. M. | Passenger. 5:48 P. M. | LEAVE VERGENNER

ADDISON HAILBOAD

Mixed train ionyes Tl at 6:20 A. M; arriving at detester Junction at 8:20 A. M.
Mixed train leaves Leicester Junction at 8:25
M. at arriving at Ti 6:30 P. M. POST-OFFICE NOTICE. From Ripton, Granville, Hancock, East Middlebury, Coruwall, West Cornwall and Bridport. 9. Vay mail from north 12 cw York, Rutland and Albany. 7. av mail from south.

MAILS CLOSE. Way mail going south. 12:00 M.
Way mail going south. 2:20 P. M.
For Ripton, Granville, Hancock, Enst
Middlebury, Cornwall, West Cornwall and Bridport. 4:00 P. M.
Closed mail for boston and Rutland. 4:40 P. M.
Closed mail for New York and Albany 7:45 P. M.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Congregational—Corner Pleasant and Main sts.
Rev. E. P. Hooker, paster. Sunday services at 19:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Thursday services at 19:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Thursday services at meeting at 7:30. Thursday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Thursday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30. The Thursday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30. Thursday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:40 P.M. Rossos Culsolic—Weybridge-st. Bev. P. Cunningham, paster. Sunday services, alternate Sabbaths; High Mass at 10:30 A.M.; Vespers and benediction at 6:30 P.M.

HAST MIDDLEBURY. Sunday service

Baptist—Rev. David F. Estes, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

Methodist—Rev. H. N. Munger, pastor. Sunday services at 1:00 and 7:30 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

Episcopal—St. Paul's Church—Rev. F. S. Fisher, ector. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Friday evening at 7:00.

Mission Chappel—Dr. H. A. Ingham. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

Roman Culholic—Rev. P. Cunningham, pastor, ervices, alternate Sabbaths; High Massa 110:00.

Congregational—Rev. George K. Hall, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

Congregational—Rev. J. A. Devine, paron Sunday services at 11, A. M., at d. f. P. M Thursday evening prayer-meeting at 130 P. M

Bristol Directory. CHURCHES.

Baptist—Rev. W. D. Hall, apstor. Sunday services at 10:45 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Young people's meeting Thousday evening at 7:30. Young people's meeting Thousday evening at 7:30. P. M. Class meeting Thousday evening at 1:30. P. M. Class meeting Thursday evening at 1:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 1:30. Advent—Rev. Mr. Quimby, pastor. Sunday Reingelical Advent—Rev. D. Bosworth; Prayer meeting every Friday evening at Elder Bosworth's house.

From New Haven, the North, New York, Boston,

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For New Haven Mills three times a week irre-

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D. RIDER, Proprietor. First class turnout
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AMA BUSINESS



Middleburn Register.



VOL. XLV.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., JULY 30, 1880.

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Middlebury, Vermont.

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We have a fine line of new Gitts of all style with Borders, Dados, Friezes, Decorations, &c to match, and can furnish anything that can be bought in New York and guarantee to do so for such less money than would buy them there as

Window Shades and Fixtures.

In Common Papers we have a large stock of very quality made in this country. We take pleasure in showing these goods to hose who contemplate papering their houses.

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Van Doorn & Tilson,

MERCHANTS' ROW, RUTLAND. VT

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OR WALL PAPER SE



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HE Shakers' Sarsaparilla is just what it pur ports to be.—[Dixi Crosby, M. D. I have long prescribed it, and think it a most valuable medicine.—[Jeremiah Blake, M. D. Gilmanton, N. H. Have known it for nea ty half a century. Our considered in it is in me way impaired.—[Cariton & Hovey, Druggists Lowell. I speak with confidence of it, having prescribed it for eighteen years.—[S. M. Dinsmor, M. D. Francistown, N. H. Give me the C. A. Guilmette, M. D., Boston. I have the mor unbounded confidence in its beaking and reno vating properties.-[Wm. R. Preston, Druggist Portsmouth, N. H. I consider it the best preparation made.—[A. G. Wilbor, Druggist, Boston. ration made.—[A. G. Wilbor, Druggist, Roston.
Do not failt in make a trial of this great Blood
Purifyer, Appetizer, and Toole, the first and best
of all medicines, called Sarsaparitia, which is
prepared from selected Staker Roota, Herbs and
Berries, by the Canterbury Sacety of Shakers,
and is beyond all comparrison the purest, safest,
and most effective family medicine in the world.
Ask for Corbett's Shaker Sarsaparitia. The genuine is signed by Thomas Corbett, its inventor,
and is sold by druggists generally.



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IMPOVERISHED BLOOD, Sold evceywhere. BITTERS

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in the unate infarinatory sweining of the joine with great success."
Also supported by the following able physicians: Dr. Okie, Dr. A. Freeman, Dr. Thayer, Dr. Hornard of England, Dr. Maborly, M.R.C.S. of England, Dr. Chev-

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Caution.—POND'S EXTRACT is sold only
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POND'S EXTRACT CO.. No. 14 W. 14th St., New York, Sold by all Druggists.



But Dolly Penfield was there trespen ing up the stock of the day before with emone—child of the wood; Snyly she roams in her dainty white hood. wet moss and cool water, and clipping the stems of the rosebuds.

B is Sir Butteroup-waving his bell, C is Miss Crocus-all brilliant in bloom; She trips out to tell us bright apringtime has

A Chaplet of Flowers.

D is for dandelion—golden her breast; The flower of all flowers that baby loves be

A ken children, and flowers, and birds are She bids us torget not the Giver of all.

G is geranium-erowloot we name, Call her one or the other, she'll greet you th H is Miss Harebell-nodding so shy

To the welcome she sees in Sir But ere. I is for ivy-of lovicest green:

J is for Jasmine-so laden with sweets, Her breath showers fragrance on all that sh

K is Sir Kingenp-to Buttercup kin; L is for lilac-in rich purple dress She spreads forth her

CRITCHS. M is for marguerite-"day-eye" we call, The dearest and daintiest pet of them all. N is Miss Nottle-the beautiless thing That always returns your caress with a stip

O is for ox-eye-that daisy so white That sprinkles the fields with beauty and ligh P is for pimpernel—true weather-glass She closes her eye while the rain-clouds p Q is quamelot-hard name and rough. You'll care not for his features, his name

enough. R is for roses—white, yellow or red, Their beauties surpass all the poets have said S is Miss Snow: pop-with rosy-tinged cheek Emblem of constancy; modest and meck. T is for tulip-gay, flaunting and bold-Yet her beautiful eyes are a joy to behold.

U is for no flower I ever have known,

With odorous breath and heavenly hue W heralds the willow's soft fur, With the name of a little home-pet, that will purr.

Yet for sweet charity he shall have room. And this will insure it a welcome. I'm sure Z is for seb-meaning doctor they say; & zampersand closes our chapter for May.

— Mrs. H. A. Brown.

THE PLOWER GIRL.

"She has got a face like one of he own rosebuds," said Mr. Fitzalan.
"I've heard of her more than one returned Frank Calverly. "'The Pretty Flower Girl,' people call her, don't they? Old Frixham has doubled

"And the best of it all," added Fitza lan, with a laugh, "is that she is quite unconscious of her own attractions a little country lassie, who thinks only of her own business, and never dreams of all the assortment."

"Let's go in and buy a Marechal Niel bud and two or three sweet verbena leaves," said Calverly. "I should really like to see this modern Flora of yours."

Dorothy Penfield stood behind the counter of the florist's store, sorting over a pile of fragrant blossoms which lay on a tray of damp green moss. Trails of smilax wove their green garlands up to the ceiling; heaps of gold and rose-petaled buds lay in the window; drifts of purple heliotrope perfumed the air, and white carnations lay like hillocks of snow against the panes of the show window, while spikes of perfumed

hyacinths and capo-jessamine flung their subtle scents upon the air. And Dolly herself, with her round, dimpled faced, pink cheeks and soft, brown eyes, exactly the shade of the rippled hair, which was brushed simply back from the broad, low brow, was

fitting accessory to the scene. She looked up, as the two gentlemen entered, and a sort of crimson shadow overspread her face for a second. "Have you got one of my favorite buttonhole bouquets made up, Miss

Penfield?" Fitzalan asked, with a careless bow and smile.
"I know," said Dolly, softly. "A rosebud and a sprig of heath, and two or three myrtle leaves—that is what you

like. No; I have none made up, just at present; but I can tie up a bouquet in half a minute, Mr. Fitzalan." "One for me, too, if you please," said Calverly, touching his hat.

Dolly lifted her long eyelashes, which were like fringes of brown silk, and gave him a shy glance.

"A little different, please. Consult your own taste, Miss Penfield."

"I like the double blue violets," said Dolly, gently, with "geranium flowers also," said Calverly, gallantly. The gentlemen had hardly taken their leave when old Frixham, the florist, bustled in, with round, red face, shin-

ing baid head, and an air of business all over him.

"Isn't it time you had the theater boquets ready?" said he, looking critically around, and moving a glass of freshly-cut calls out of the elsunset beams which at that moment fell, like a sheaf of golden lances, at the deep her window.

like a sheaf of golden lances, at the deep bow window.

"I shall have them fready directly," said Dolly, starting from her reverie.

"The flowers are all sorted out."

"We have too many carnations on hand," said the florist, iretiully; " and those gaudy Cape bells are so much dead loss. Let the man from the green-houses know, please; there's a demand for half-open rosebuds and forced lilies-of-the-valley."

"Yes," said Dolly, dreamily, "I will

"Yes," said Dolly, dreamily, "I will tell him—when he comes." The closed country wagon, with its freight of fragrant leaves and deliciously scented flowers, came early in the morning, long before the fat florist was out of bed, and while the silence almost of an enchanted land lay upon Upper

"No more carnations, John," she said, briskly; " nor amaryllis flowers; and we want plenty of rosebuds and lilies-of-the-valley. We have an order for twenty-eight extra bouquets for a dinner-party, and I hope you have brought plenty of camellins and searlet geraniums, and those bright flowers."
"I thought perhaps," said honest John Deadwood, who measured six feet

in his stocking feet, and had the face of an amiable riant, "you might want to go back with me to-day, Dolly. Your aunt has come on from Kansas, and there's to be a dance out in the old barn with plenty of candles and evergreen boughs. And mother would be proud to welcome you to the old farmhouse,

Dolly. Your Olleander tree is kept carefully at the south window, and—" "Dear me!" carelessly interrupts Dolly, "why don't they put it in the greenhouse?"

"Because, Dolly," said the young man, reddening, "it reminds us of you.

And the meadow-lark in the cage sings beautifully; and old red Brindle has a

little, spotted calf!"
"Has she?" questioned Dolly, indifferently.

John Deadwood looked hard at her. "Doily," said he, "you don't care about the old home any longer!"

"Yes, I do," said Dolly, rousing herself; "but-" She paused suddenly, the rosy colo rushing in a carmine tide to her cheek. an involuntary smile dimpling the corners of her fresh lips, as she glanced through the smilax trails in the win-

John Deadwood, following the direc tion of her eyes, glanced, too, just in time to see a tall gentleman lift his hat and bow as he went jauntily past.

"Is that it?" said John bitterly. "Is what?" petulantly retorted Dolly.
"I'm sure I don't know what we are standing here quietly waiting for, and 1 with the twenty-eight extra bouquets to make up by two o'clock. That's all John, I think. Don't forget the liliesof-the-valley!"

"But you have not answered me Dolly."
"Answered you what?"

"About the dance in the old barn, and coming back with me when the wagon returns at five o'clock. "It's quite out of the question," sai

Dolly!"

Dolly!" " Well."

"You promised me, years ago-"
"Nonsense!" said Dolly, flinging the azaleas and pinks about in fragrant "But you've no right to go back o your word, Dolly, child or no child."

"I never promised, John."
"But you let me believe that one day you would be my wife. And I've fived on the thought of it, Dolly, ever since. And if this city situation of yours should

break up my life's hope-" "Don't hope anything about me John!" brusquely interrupted the girl. "Here comes a customer. Piease, John,

like a ghost." And honest, heart-broken John turned, and went with heavy steps out to where the wagon stood and old Roan was waiting, with down-drooping head and half-closed eyes.

"It does seem to me," he muttered between his teeth, "that there's nothing left to live for any longer."

Dolly looked half remorsefully after "I've almost a mind to call him back," said she to herself, as she picked out a bunch of white violets for the newcomer. "I do like John Deadwood; but I think he has no business to consider himself engaged to me, just be cause of that boy-and-girl nonsense One's ideas change as one gots on in

And Dolly's check was like the reflec-tion of the pink azaleas, as she thought of Mr. Fitzalen and the turquois ring that he had given her as a troth-

And Mr. Frixham came in presently "I've a note from the Sedgewicks, on Fifth avenue," said he, hurriedly. Servoss', but Servoss has disappointed them. They want the house decorated for a party to-night.—there's not a minute to lose. Pvc telegraphed to Bolton's for a hundred yards of smilax and run-ning fern, and a hundred scarlet poin-settas; and I think we can manage the rest ourselves. You had better go at once, Miss Penfield, and plan the decoration-you've a pretty taste of your own-and I'll send up the flowers, with

Dodges to help you." The Sedgewick mansion was a brown stone palace, with plate-glass casements and a vestibule paved with black and orange marble.

Mrs. Sedgewick, a stately matron, a Watteau wrapper and blonde cap, received Dolly in the great drawing-

"Oh!" said she, lifting her eye-glasses, "you're from the florist's, are you? Well, I know nothing about these elegant. Tell your husband to spare no

"Mr. Frixham is not my husband," said Dolly. "Your father, then."

"But he isn't my father," maisted Doily, half laughing. "He's no rela-tion at all. I will tell him, however." "Exactly," said Mrs. Sedgewick. "I particularly desire plenty of white ross, as I am told they are customary at this sort of affair. It's an engagement party" "Indeed!" said Dolly, trying to look

"Between my daughter Ciara and Mr. Alfred Fitzalan," said Mrs. Sedgewick, with conscious complacency.

Dolly said nothing; but the room, with its fluted cornices and lofty ceilings, seemed to swim around her like the waves of the sea. And as she went out, with Mrs. Sedgewick still chatting about white rosebuds and begonialeaves, she passed the half-open door of a room, all hung with blue velvet, where a yellow-tressed beauty sat smiling on a low divan, with Mr. Fitzalan bending tenderly above her.

"He has only been amusing himself with me," said Dolly to herself.

There was a sharp sche at her heart; but, after all, it was only the sting of wounded pride. Thank heaven—oh, thank heaven, it was nothing worse than that!

Honest John Deadwood was driving old Roan steadily and soberly along past the patch of woods, where the velvetsed boulders lay like dormant beasts of prey in the spring twilight, when a gray shadow gilded out of the other

hadows, and stood at his side. "John!" she whispered. "Dolly! it's never you!"

"Yes, John," said the girl, gently but steadily. "I'm going back home with you."
"God bless you, Dolly!" said the man, fervently.

"For good and all, John, if you'll take me," said Dolly, shyly. "I've had quite enough of city life; and I'll

quite enough of city life; and I'll help you with the greenhouses, and I'll try to be a good little housekeeper at home. Shall I, John?"

John put his arm around her, and hugged her up to his side.

"Darling!" said he, huskily, "it's most too good news to be true; but if my word is worth anything, you shall never regret your decision of this day."

So the pretty flower girl vanished out of the bower of smiley and research. f the bower of smilax and rosebuds. The Sedgewick mansion wasn't decor-ated at all, and Mr. Frixham had lost his new customer. And the turquoise ring came back to Mr. Fitzalan in a

An English gentleman discovered that the fame of electricity as a curative power had penetrated Persia.

While tarrying at Shiraz, on busin nected with the overland telegraph. he was visited by a Persian ncble. Having received a paralytic stroke in his left shoulder and arm, the nobleman came to inquire if the Englishman's in-visible fire (electricity) would not cure him. He had heard that there were magicians in England who cured all diseases by the aid of this fire. The Englishman, having moderated the Perian's expectations by remarking that estatement was an exaggeration, ac-

pared, and the officer in charge readily consented to operate upon the paralyzed arm. To the two poles of the battery a copper wire was attached, and at the extremity of each wire a dampened sponge. The Persian was instructed to tightly grasp one of the sponges in his paralyzed arm. Timidly complying, he was astonished to feel no sensation.

"Wait a moment," said the Englishman, clapping the other sponge on the man's shoulder. With a leap and a yell he bounded out of the room, amid the uproarious laughter of the officials.

All Shiraz was excited the next day

at the shock the nobleman had received. Though it effected a partial cure, the frightened man refused to submit to a second application of the invisible fire. One shock was sufficient, for he declared all the stars of the heavens were visible to him in that awful moment. He would visit the telegraph office and look with swe at the "fire" machines. Mournfully shaking his head, he would

of the machine. As he felt no sensation ne laid his hand on the other terminal. A sudden yell and a backward jump

was the result.

The man told his companions, in an awe-struck tone, that he had been bitten by the genii of the machine. The Englishman attempted to explain the operation, but his words did not disturb the Powlan's credulity.

in the least the Persian's credulity.

Gathering Salt. Cheshire has long been noted for its salt springs, but these are of mild quality compared to the brine springs that rise in the rock-salt localities. This natural brine supplies the best salt. It powerful engine, and conveyed into a huge cister, and from thence into the pans prepared for it. Under these pans, when full, fires are kept burning day enough to take a hurried look at the vast pan in front of us filled with boiling brine, on the top of which the salt lay in a thick scum, remaining for an instant on the surface, and then sinking slowly to the bottom. Standing on a raised ledge beside the pan was a shaggy, foreign-looking man, stripped to the waist, and perspiring at every pore, who held a long-handled rake, with which he drew to the edge of the pan the salt which lay in masses over the bottom. Having raked together a considerable quantity of salt, he took another tool not unlike a giant spade, perforated with holes, with which he lifted the salt from the pan. The quality of the salt varies according to the time at which it is "drawn" or lifted from the pan. The finest, or what is called "butter sait," is drawn when the brine is at boiling point, the pans being drawn two or three times a day. The courser salt is left much onger at a lower temperature, being drawn, in some cases, two or three times a week, and in the case of "fish" or preserving salt only once or twice in a fortnight.

A morsel of soap or glue is added to
the heated brine to assist in the purifying of the salt. The courser varieties are never packed in tubs, but loaded straight from the shed on to the barge, or filled into specially prepared sacks. The finer salt is carried into the dryingroom, which is kept constantly at a temperature trying to ordinary human nature, and here it is formed into neat blocks and packed for exportation. This being clean work, much of the packing of fine sait is done by neat, tidy women and girls. The coarser sait is carried loose to the barges on the river.

It is strange but true that some pe ple delight in saying bilter things to their neighbors. You are never safe with them. When you have done your best to please, and are feeling very kindly and pleasantly, out will pop some underhand stab, which you alone can understand-a sneer which is masked, but which is too well knownt or be misunderstood. It may be at your person, or your mental feeling, your foolish habit of thought on some little occret opinion confessed in a moment of genuine confidence. It matters not how sacred it may be to you, he will have his fling at it; and, since the wish is to make your suffer, by is all the happing. make you suffer, he is all the happier the nearer he touches your heart. How much unhappiness do such mean at tacks cause tender-hearted men and

the impression that the animal was merely "a likely hosa," and not a a country race-meeting was being held and won the purse and Flynn's bets with the greatest ease.

Not Affected by Laughing Gas.

Not Affected by Laughing Gas.

A correspondent writes to the London Times: Last week I had occasion to go to a well-known firm of dentists in thacity to have a tooth drawn. As the operation seemed likely to be a difficult and very painful one, it was decided that I should be subjected to the infuence of nitrous-oxide sas, which was administered by a doctor. To the astonishment both of dentist and doctor—but not to me—they found that when I had inhaled the usual quantity, about eight or nine gallons (this cas being apparently measured by gallons and not by feet), I was not in the least affected, and they went on until I had taken in by feet), I was not in the least affected, and they went on until I had taken in between eighteen and nincteen gallons. I was still entirely unasphyxiated; but just then I thought the doctor motioned to me to shut my eyes, which had been wide open. He had not done so; but when the eyes closed, the dentist, thinking I was insensible, drew the tooth, and with it a howl from me. During the whole operation I was perfectly sensible of what was going on, and felt the pain as acute, yas if no ancesthetic had been used. In all the wide experience of the doctor and the dentist, and of several other medical men to whom the fact has been mentioned, not one of them ever came across a patient on Monrnfully shaking his head, he would depart without uttering a word.

Another Persian, whose curiosity conquered his fear, while examining the telegraph, touched one of the terminals ial sensations after the use of gas are I believe, those of lightness and gayety, but in this respect also I was unaffected. Presumsbly, no quantity of the gas could have had the desired result, for the lungs must have been quite full when the doctor left off. I may mention too that it or save years are I when the doctor left on. I may men-tion, too, that six or seven years ago I took twenty galions in similar circum-stances, and was wondering when it was going to act, when the gas gave out and the dentist had to extract the tooth at once. Whether other kinds of angesthetics would operate upon me I

cannot say, not having taken any Canadian law requires the previous announcement in church of every man risge, or a license from a county clerk, and the latter procedure costs about \$7. The consequence is that numerous be united. Detroit elergymen and justices do a great deal of this business. The Herald of that city says that half a is usually demanded. The following is a reported conversation after a knot had been tied: "Now, \$2 if you please, remarked the instice urbanely to the bridegroom. "Ive no money," said that individual, turning to his love; "you pay the gentleman." The lady turned upon him with fire in her eye.
"Pay him yourself. No money, did
you say? You've got plenty of money,
and I know it." "Come, now, Sally, stop that nonsense, and don't be givin the gentleman so much trouble after he's done so much for ye; give him the \$2." "For me, is it? I guess it's for you, too, and you'll pay him if he's paid at all." But the groom continued to insist that he was penniless, until finally the bride reached away down into the folds of her voluminous dress

and produced the \$2. W. P. asks for the most practical method, if there is any, of destroying the canker worm after it has gained a foothold in the tree. A. Try syringing

the tree with soapsuds to which has been added a little heliebore. H. writes: I desire to make a small ice-box, one in which I can preserve for twenty-four hours a few pounds of ice. What is the best material to pack such a box with, and how thick should the packing be? A. A box with a two and one-half inch air space between the walls all around answers very well, providing the air space be perfectly tight. Sawdust, when dry, makes a good filling. Powdered charcoal is frequently

A. B. asks for a receip to make ice cream. A. The following gives excelsweet milk, and add to it with constant stirring eight eggs well beaten with one pound of white sugar and four spoonfuls of cornstarch, first mixed into a thick cream with cold mik. Cool, flavor to

terian church have reported the statis-ties of the church for 1880, showing that there are 9 synods, 59 without charge, 50 licentiates, 66 students of theology, 813 congregations, 82 mission stations, 82,-179 communicants, and 760 Sunday-schools, with 83,129 scholars. Some \$139,000 was raised for salaries of min-

"The Dark Horse," The origin of the term "dark horse" is explained in a matter-of-fact way by the Cincinnati Enquirer. Once upon a chap named Sam Flynn, who traded in horses and generally contrived to own a speedy nag or two, which he used for racing purposes whenever he could pick up a "soft match" during his travels The best of his flyers was a coal-black stallion named Dusky Pete, who was almost a thoroughbred, and able to go in the best of company. Flynn was accustomed to saddle Pete when approach ing a town and ride him into it to give flyer. One day he came to a town where and he entered Pete among the contestants. The people of the town, not knowing anything of his antecedents, and not being over impressed by his appearance, backed two or three local favorites heavily against him. Flynn moved among the crowd, and took all the bets offered against his nag. Just as the "flyers" were being saddled for the race old Judge McMinamee, who was the turf oracle of that part of the State, arrived on the course, and was made one of the judges. As he took his place on the stand he was told how the betting ran, and of the folly of the owner of the strange entry in backing his "plug" so heavily. Running his eye over the track, the judge instantly recognized Pete, and he said: "Gentlemen, there's a dark horse in this race that will make some of you sick before supper." The judge was right. Pete, the "dark horse," lay back until the three-quarter pole was reached, when he went to the front with a rush

Everything in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap, and the fields smile. Even the buds shoot and TIMELY TOPICS. Mr. Gunbaum, a cattle dealer of Isolna, Austria, was a very wicked man. He it was who insured his life for a very large sum, murdered a ped-dler, dressed his body in his clothes and passed himself off for the dead man. The fraud and crime were soon discovcred by finding the true Gunbaum alive and the peddler dead. It is likely he will get his deserts, for there is not much false philanthropy laying round loose in Austria, where justice is both

With some people prosperity is harder to bear than adversity, although most of us are reckless enough to take the risk. William Zollinger was killed by hard-working man in New York. He invested his savings in real estate, which rose, and one day recently he sold. realizing over \$12,000. He had no faith in banks, and didn't know what to do with his cash. His newly-found wealth became a burden to him, and he went and got drunk. He was found deaddrunk in the gutter in one of the vilest localities in the city with \$12,000 untouched in his pockets. He was lodged in the station-house, and became crazy fearing that his arrest was a conspiracy to rob him. During the night he took iron bar, put his head through the armhole and hung himself.

Doctor Guillasse, of the French navy, in a recent paper on typhoid fever, speaks of the great benefit which has been derived from the use of coffee. He patients taken a few tables poonfuls of than their features become relaxed, and come to their senses; the next day the improvement is such as to leave no doubt that the article is just the specific needed. Under its influence the stupor is dispelled and the patient rous the state of somnolency in which he has been since the invasion of the disease; soon, all the functions take their natural course and he enters upon convalescence. Doctor Guillesse gives to an hours, alternated with one or two teaspoonfuls of claret or Burgundy wineto be taken dairy; after a while quinine.

An interesting history of the development of the Russian army during the last quarter of a century has lately been published in St. Petersburg. On the first of January, 1853, the Russian army comprised 27,716 officers and 988,382 men, beside 78,144 Cossacks. During the Crimean war the strength of the simed forces of the empire was, of course, largely increased, and, accord-ing to the official returns, included on the first of January, 1856, no fewer than 41,817 officers and 2 275,454 men. The active army numbered, it is stated, 24,-654 officers and 1,170,184 men; the reserve troops, 7,876 officers and 572,158 men; the irregular lorces, 3,640 officers and 168,601 men; the militia, 5,647 officers and 363,421 men; and the Cossack troops. 3,441 officers and 156,726 men. In 1863, when, according to the returns of the minister of war, the Russian army numbered 858,907 regular troops, it was calculated, after a careful examination of the strength of the several units of the army, that the probable real strength of the regular troops did not exceed 385,000 men. On the twenty-fifth of November, 1879, the Russian army comprised 908 generals, 21,414 officers, and 886,465 men, while on the same date the reserves numbered 742,144 men, and the Cossack troops, 1,972 officers and 51,359 men, with 105,940 more men

In the matter of accepting and pub-lishing the revised edition of the Bibie, the American Bible society have re-solved to wait the verdict of competen judges, based not alone or chiefly upon the high reputation of the eminent m who have devoted so much time to this work, but upon the book which em-bodies the results of their long study and their joint deliberations.

Words of Wisdom. To an impudent accusation oppose a short and humble answer.

Impatience deprives man of move ment and impels him to danger. To live amidst general regard is like sitting in sunshine, "calm and

True quietness of heart is got by resisting our passions, not by obeying

One had better be cheated agreeably than pass one's life in watching not to

Passion makes those fools who otherwise are not so, and shows those to be foois who are so.

He who will take no advice, but be always his own counselor, is sure ito have a fool often for his ellent.

The three most difficult things are to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and

to make good use of leisure. We know not the worth of water till

the well is dry.

There are calumnies against which even innocence loses courage. Better be upright and want, than wicked and have a superabundance. Industry need not wish, and he who lives upon hope will die of fasting.

The fullest and best ears of wheat hang lowest toward the ground. They are never alone that are panied with noble thoughts.

In refraining from being mean to others you are good to yourselves. A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune Life, as we call it, is nothing but the edge of the boundless ocean of ex-

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself.

Success is full of promise till men get it; and then it is a last year's nest from which the bird is flown.

We commence by being in love with our own thoughts, and tollow by seck-ing to make others worship them. The remembrance of a beloved mother becomes the shadow of all our actions. It either goes before or for-

It is easier to dispense with riches when they are not needed, than not to at-tach ourselves to them when we possess

Men trust rather to their eyes than to Men trust rather to their eyes than to their ears; the effect of precepts is therefore slow and tedious, whilst that of example is summary and effectual. He who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a lifetime is unraveled.

He is but a weak man who cannot twist and weave the threads of his feeling, however firm, however strained or however strong, into the great cable of purpose, by which he lies moored to a point of action.